DARK HORSE COMICS
#1
(OF 3)
$2.50 U.S.
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THE
TERMINATOR™
ENDGAME

What Came Before . . .

Sarah Connor went into hiding following the first failed mission of a Terminator sent from the future. She was carrying the child she and Kyle Reese had conceived before he died fighting the Terminator. Shortly afterward, more future soldiers, including Colonel Mary Randall, arrived in the present, planning to kill Dr. Hollister, the man who would develop Skynet from the salvaged remains of that first Terminator time-traveler. A team of Terminators, including Dudley, the half-human, half-Terminator I825.M, followed the soldiers through time with their primary objective to protect Hollister. During the ensuing battle, the human half of I825.M's brain overrode his Terminator programming and he joined forces with the human soldiers. The two forces reached a stalemate, and the surviving Terminator, C890.L, switched to its secondary objective: find and kill Sarah Connor.

Mary and Dudley, joined by Dr. Ed Astin, failed to find any trace of Sarah Connor in Mexico. Meanwhile, Dudley became ever more tormented with the struggle to keep his Terminator half suppressed. He asked Dr. Astin to operate on him in order to remove his Terminator programming, but Astin found the Terminator psychological data that was stored in Dudley's brain and downloaded it onto disk, then began a brainwipe of Dudley before escaping. Mary discovered Dudley just in time and saved him before his human half was completely purged as well.

In a dramatic confrontation at Cyberdyne Systems, C890.L, Hollister, and Astin all perished, and Mary and Dudley, joined by Lieutenant Sloane, thought they'd finally been successful in changing the future. But now, Dudley has disappeared, and the FBI has the Terminator remains, as well as the data that Astin extracted from Dudley's brain. And surely someone will figure out how to put all that information to good use . . .

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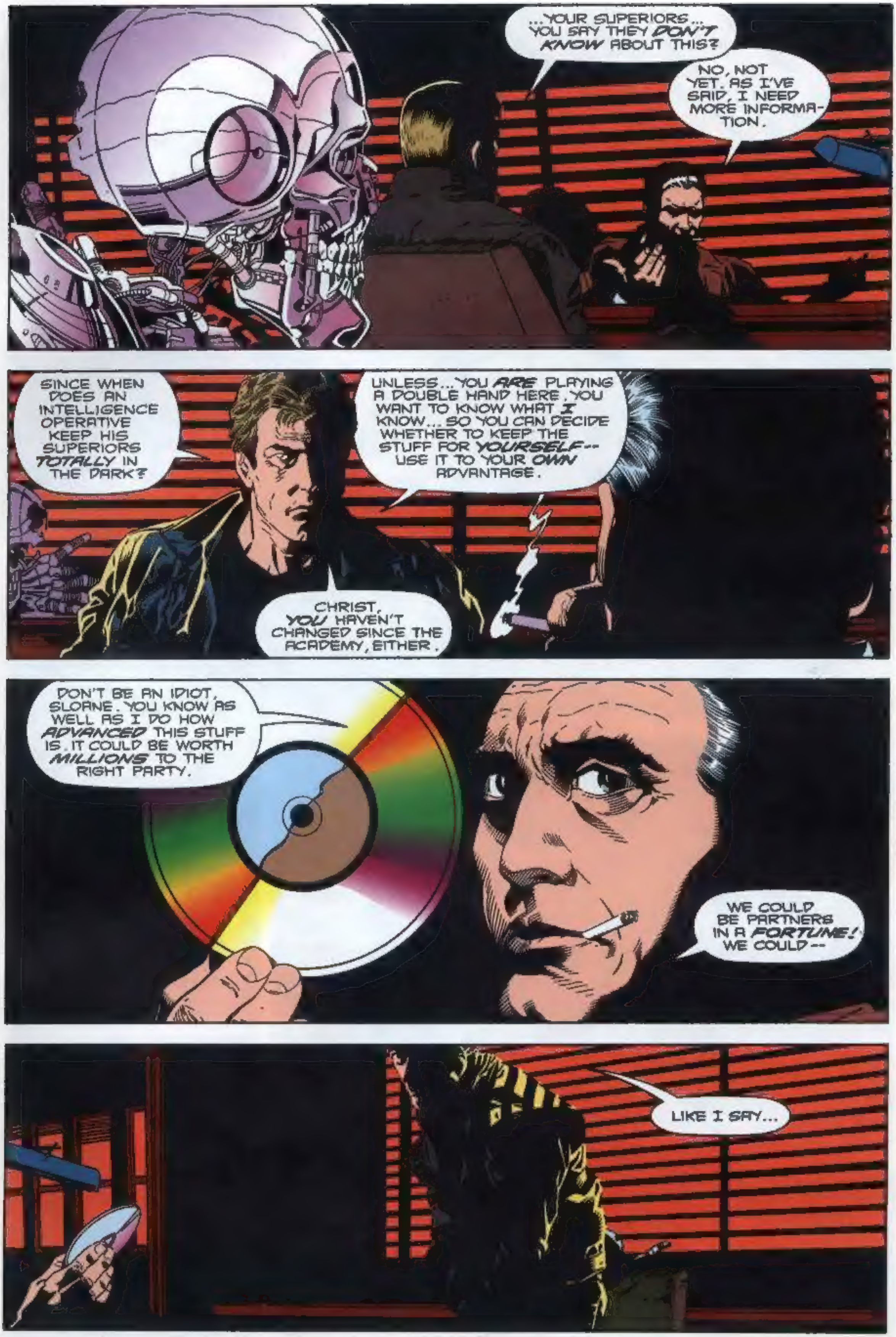
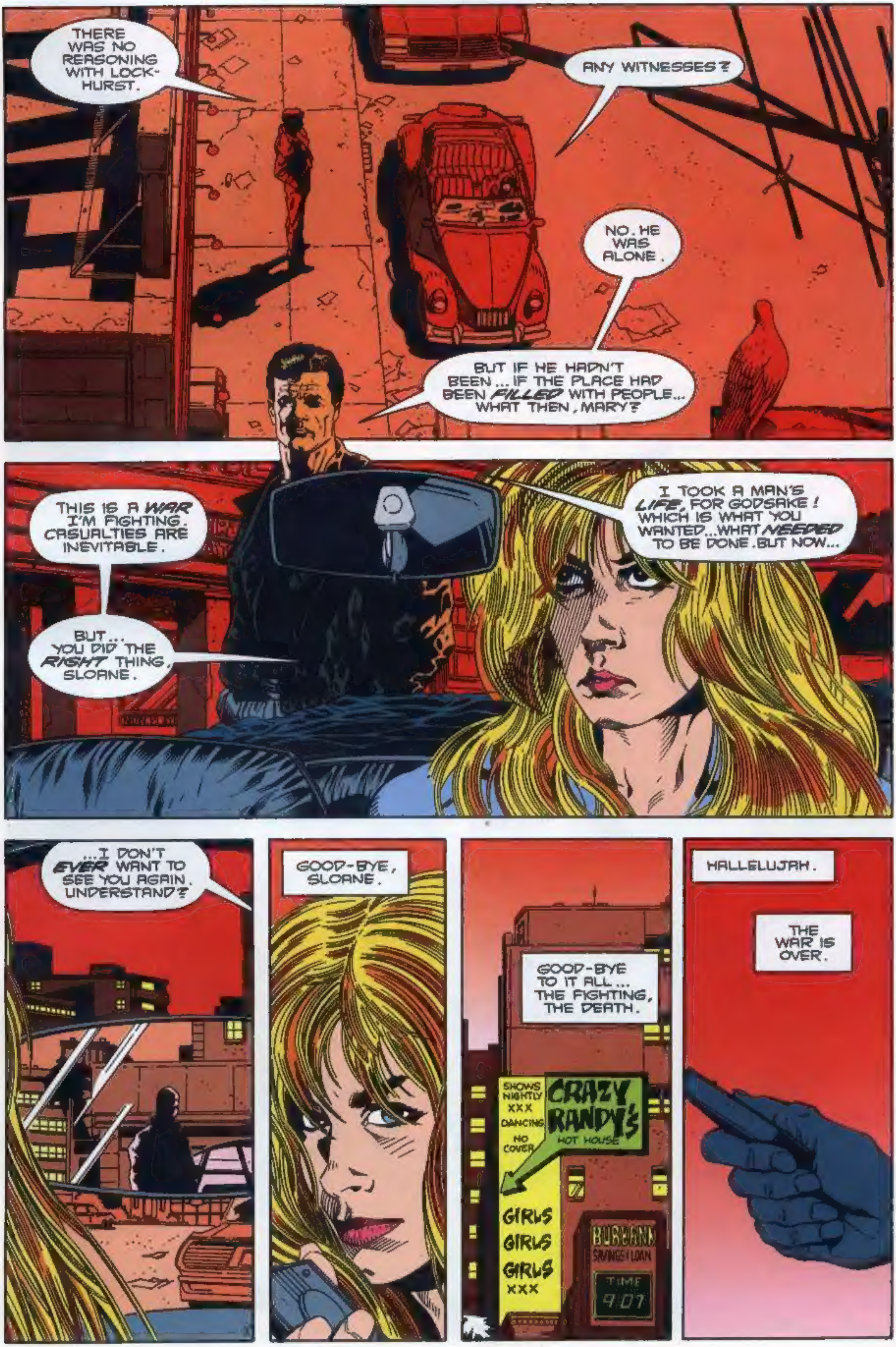
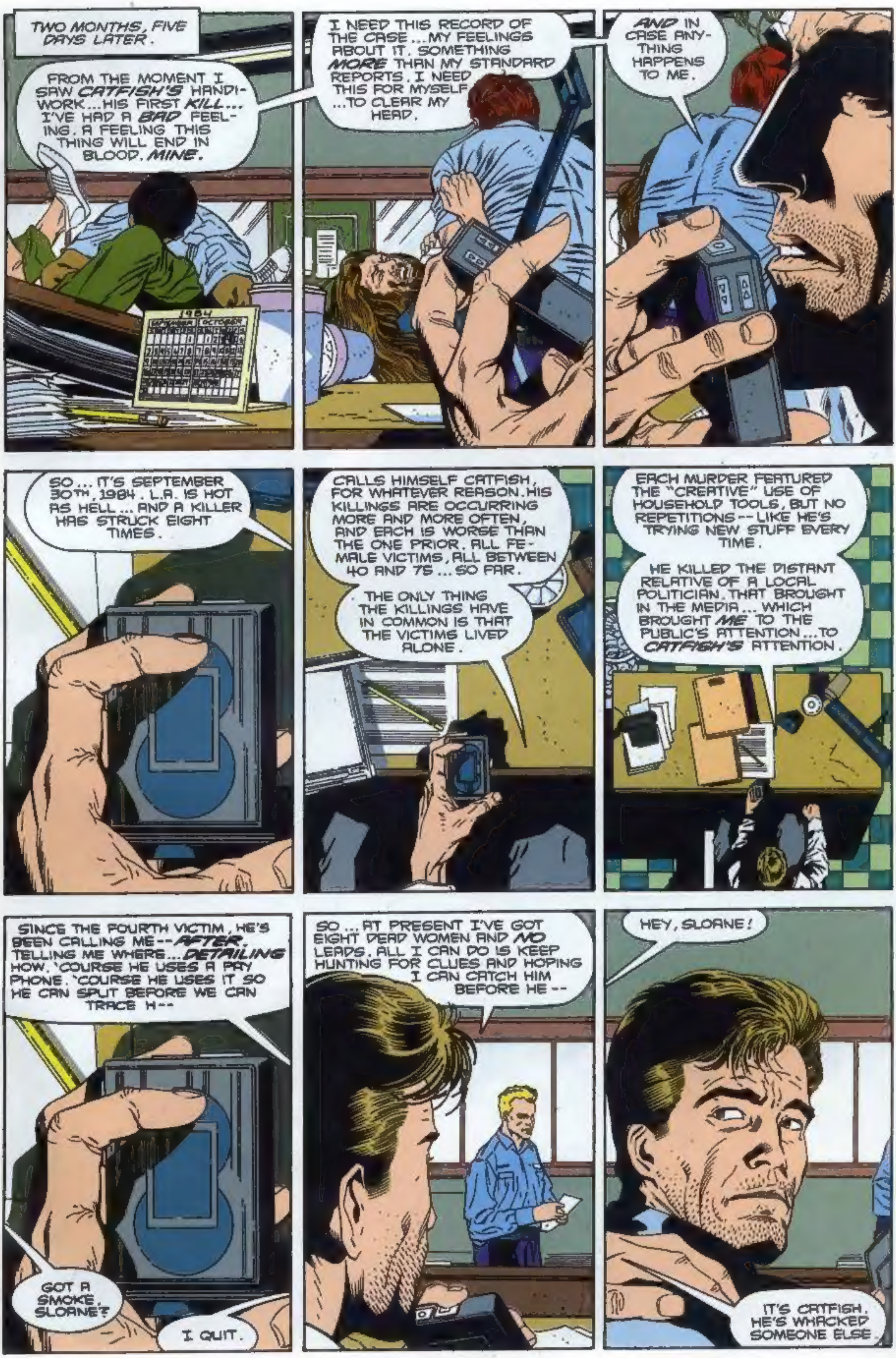
I'M HERE, LOCKHURST.
YES, SLOANE. GLAD YOU AGREED TO COME.
NOT THAT YOU HAD MUCH CHOICE IN THE MATTER.
CIGARETTE?
I'M TRYING TO QUIT.

I'D OFFER YOU COFFEE, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M A BIT SHORT-HANDED TONIGHT.
YES. THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN THE BUILDING. WHY? WHY ALL THE CLOAK-AND-DAGGER?
I WANTED TO BE SURE OF... CONFIDENTIALITY ...PRIVACY.
WELL, NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT IT, SAY WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY. IT'S LATE. I'M TIRED.
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED. YOU WERE MISERABLE BACK AT THE ACADEMY, AND I SEE THE YEARS HAVEN'T MELLOWED YOU ANY.
THIS EQUIPMENT... THESE ROBOT COMPONENTS ...AND THE DATA ON THE COMPUTER DISK...
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM? I NEED MORE INFORMATION BEFORE I PRESENT THEM TO MY SUPERIORS.
WHEN THAT STUFF VANISHED AFTER THE FIGHTING,* I GUESSED YOUR MEN HAD TAKEN IT... AND THAT YOU HAD IT.
I CAME HERE PREPARED TO REASON WITH YOU-- TO TRY TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND HOW VITAL IT IS THAT THESE COMPONENTS NEVER FALL INTO ANYONE'S HANDS. FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.
BUT...
* SEE TERMINATOR: THE ENEMY WITHIN #4.


...YOUR SUPERIORS... YOU SAY THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS?
NO, NOT YET. AS I'VE SAID, I NEED MORE INFORMATION.
SINCE WHEN DOES AN INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE KEEP HIS SUPERIORS TOTALLY IN THE DARK?
UNLESS...YOU ARE PLAYING A DOUBLE HAND HERE, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I KNOW... SO YOU CAN DECIDE WHETHER TO KEEP THE STUFF FOR YOURSELF-- USE IT TO YOUR OWN ADVANTAGE.
CHRIST, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED SINCE THE ACADEMY, EITHER.
DON'T BE AN IDIOT, SLOANE. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO HOW ADVANCED THIS STUFF IS. IT COULD BE WORTH MILLIONS TO THE RIGHT PARTY.
WE COULD BE PARTNERS IN A FORTUNE! WE COULD--
LIKE I SAY...

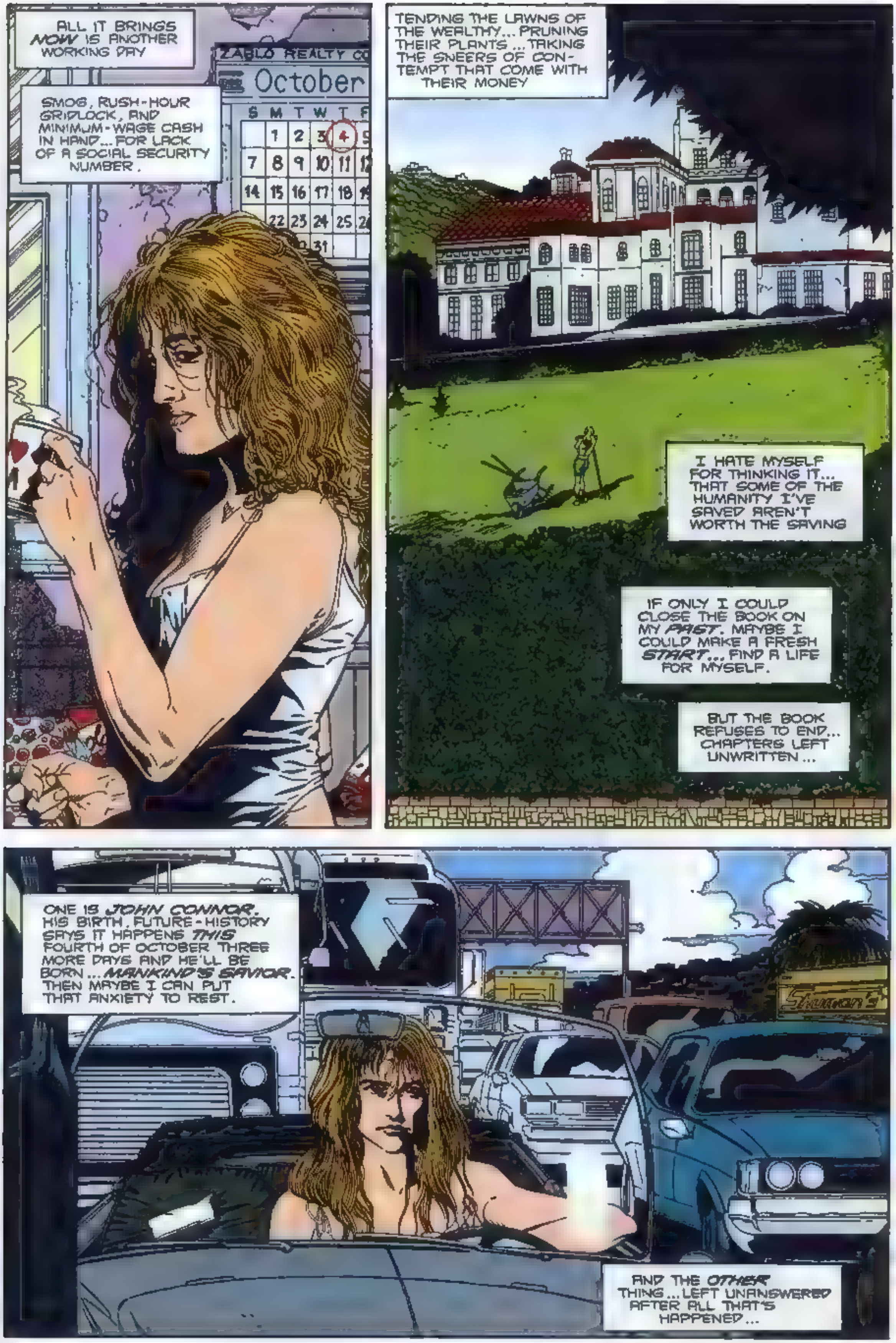
...YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED.


THERE WAS NO REASONING WITH LOCK-HURST.
ANY WITNESSES?
NO. HE WAS ALONE.
BUT IF HE HADN'T BEEN... IF THE PLACE HAD BEEN *FILLED* WITH PEOPLE... WHAT THEN, MARY?
THIS IS A *WAR* I'M FIGHTING. CASUALTIES ARE INEVITABLE.
BUT... YOU DID THE *RIGHT* THING, SLOANE.
I TOOK A MAN'S *LIFE*, FOR GODSAKE! WHICH IS WHAT YOU WANTED...WHAT *NEEDED* TO BE DONE. BUT NOW...
...I DON'T *EVER* WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN. UNDERSTAND?
GOOD-BYE, SLOANE.
GOOD-BYE TO IT ALL... THE FIGHTING, THE DEATH.
SHOWS NIGHTLY XXX DANCING NO COVER
CRAZY RANDY'S HOT HOUSE
GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS XXX
BURBANK SAVINGS & LOAN
TIME 9:07
HALLELUJAH.
THE WAR IS OVER.


TWO MONTHS, FIVE DAYS LATER.
FROM THE MOMENT I SAW CATFISH'S HANDIWORK... HIS FIRST KILL... I'VE HAD A BAD FEELING. A FEELING THIS THING WILL END IN BLOOD. MINE.
I NEED THIS RECORD OF THE CASE... MY FEELINGS ABOUT IT. SOMETHING MORE THAN MY STANDARD REPORTS. I NEED THIS FOR MYSELF ...TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
AND IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME.
SO... IT'S SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1984. L.A. IS HOT AS HELL... AND A KILLER HAS STRUCK EIGHT TIMES.
CALLS HIMSELF CATFISH, FOR WHATEVER REASON. HIS KILLINGS ARE OCCURRING MORE AND MORE OFTEN, AND EACH IS WORSE THAN THE ONE PRIOR. ALL FEMALE VICTIMS, ALL BETWEEN 40 AND 75... SO FAR.
THE ONLY THING THE KILLINGS HAVE IN COMMON IS THAT THE VICTIMS LIVED ALONE.
EACH MURDER FEATURED THE "CREATIVE" USE OF HOUSEHOLD TOOLS, BUT NO REPETITIONS -- LIKE HE'S TRYING NEW STUFF EVERY TIME.
HE KILLED THE DISTANT RELATIVE OF A LOCAL POLITICIAN. THAT BROUGHT IN THE MEDIA... WHICH BROUGHT ME TO THE PUBLIC'S ATTENTION... TO CATFISH'S ATTENTION.
SINCE THE FOURTH VICTIM, HE'S BEEN CALLING ME -- AFTER. TELLING ME WHERE... DETAILING HOW. 'COURSE HE USES A PAY PHONE. 'COURSE HE USES IT SO HE CAN SPLIT BEFORE WE CAN TRACE H--
GOT A SMOKE, SLOANE?
I QUIT.
SO... AT PRESENT I'VE GOT EIGHT DEAD WOMEN AND NO LEADS. ALL I CAN DO IS KEEP HUNTING FOR CLUES AND HOPING I CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE --
HEY, SLOANE!
IT'S CATFISH. HE'S WHACKED SOMEONE ELSE.

I HAVE GOT TO CATCH THIS BASTARD.
SOON.

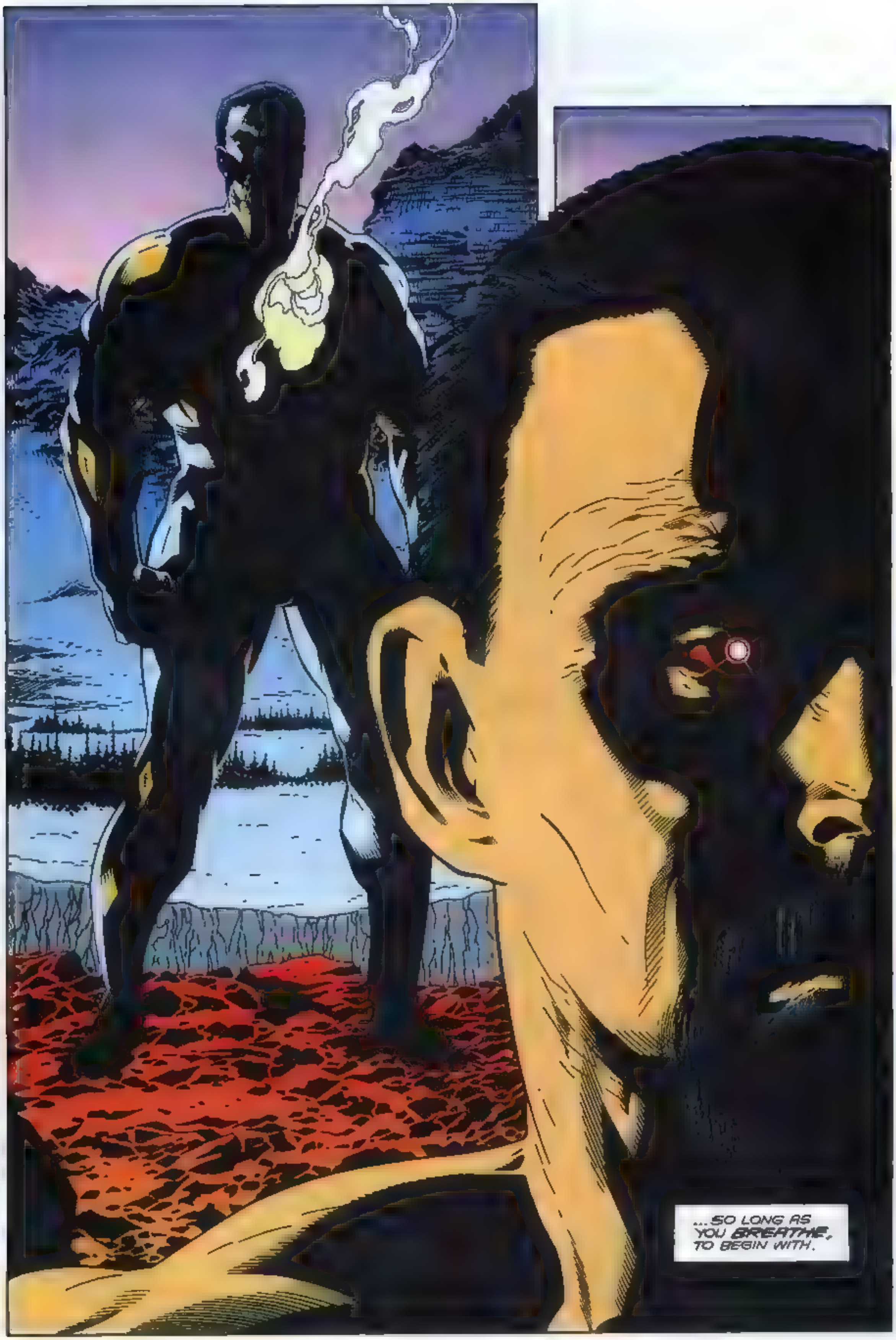
ANOTHER WOMAN. FLORA MARTINEZ AGAIN. NO APPARENT CONNECTION BETWEEN HER AND CATFISH'S OTHER VICTIMS
BUT. .
...SOMETHING... MY GUT.. TELLS ME THERE IS A LINK A CONNECTION BETWEEN THESE MURDERS
ALL I HAVE TO DO...
...IS FIND IT.
EMT
OCTOBER 1ST.
THE SADDEST THING IS THAT THE MORNING ...THE DAWN... NO LONGER FILLS ME WITH WONDER.
RATS RULE

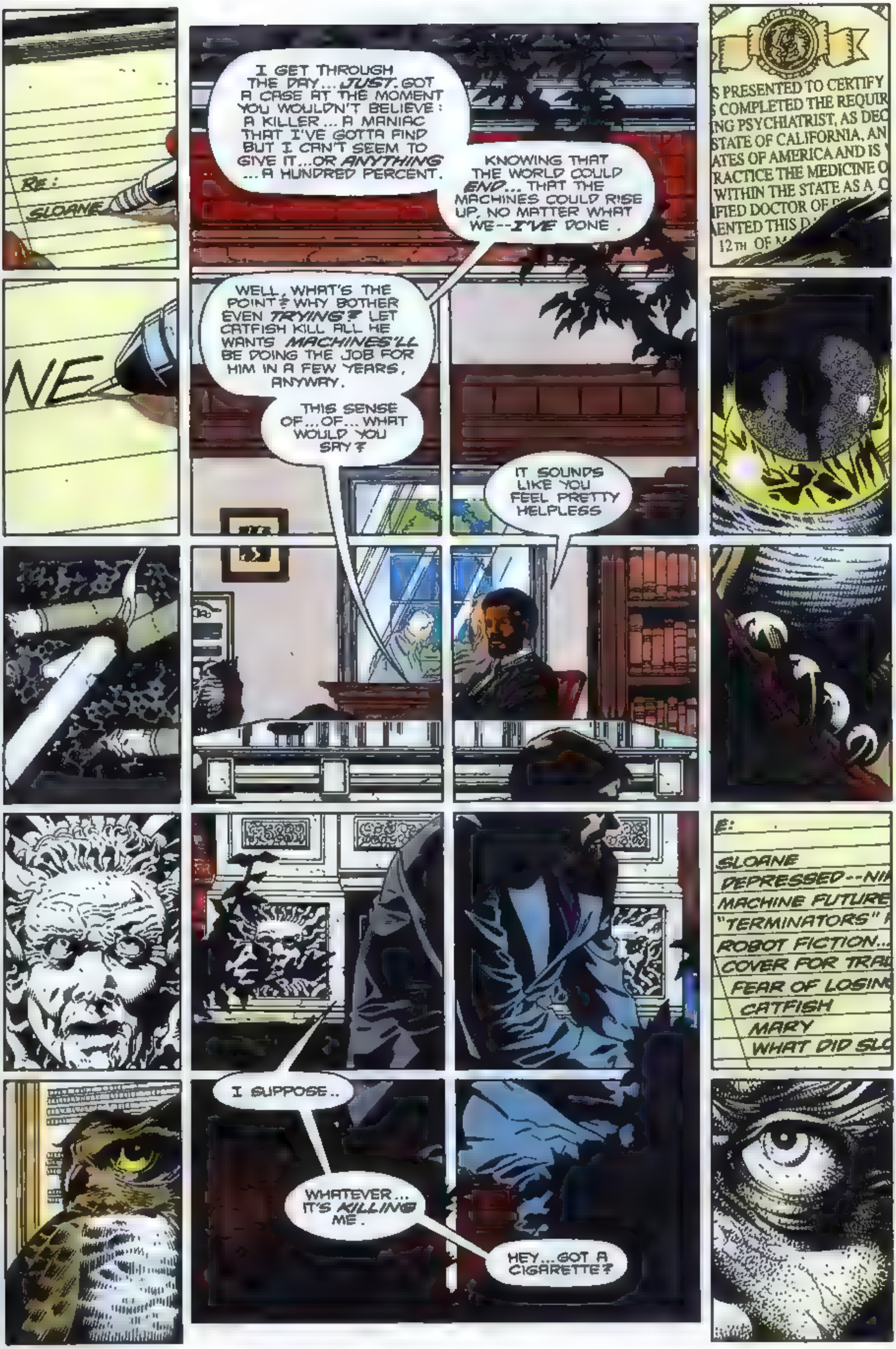


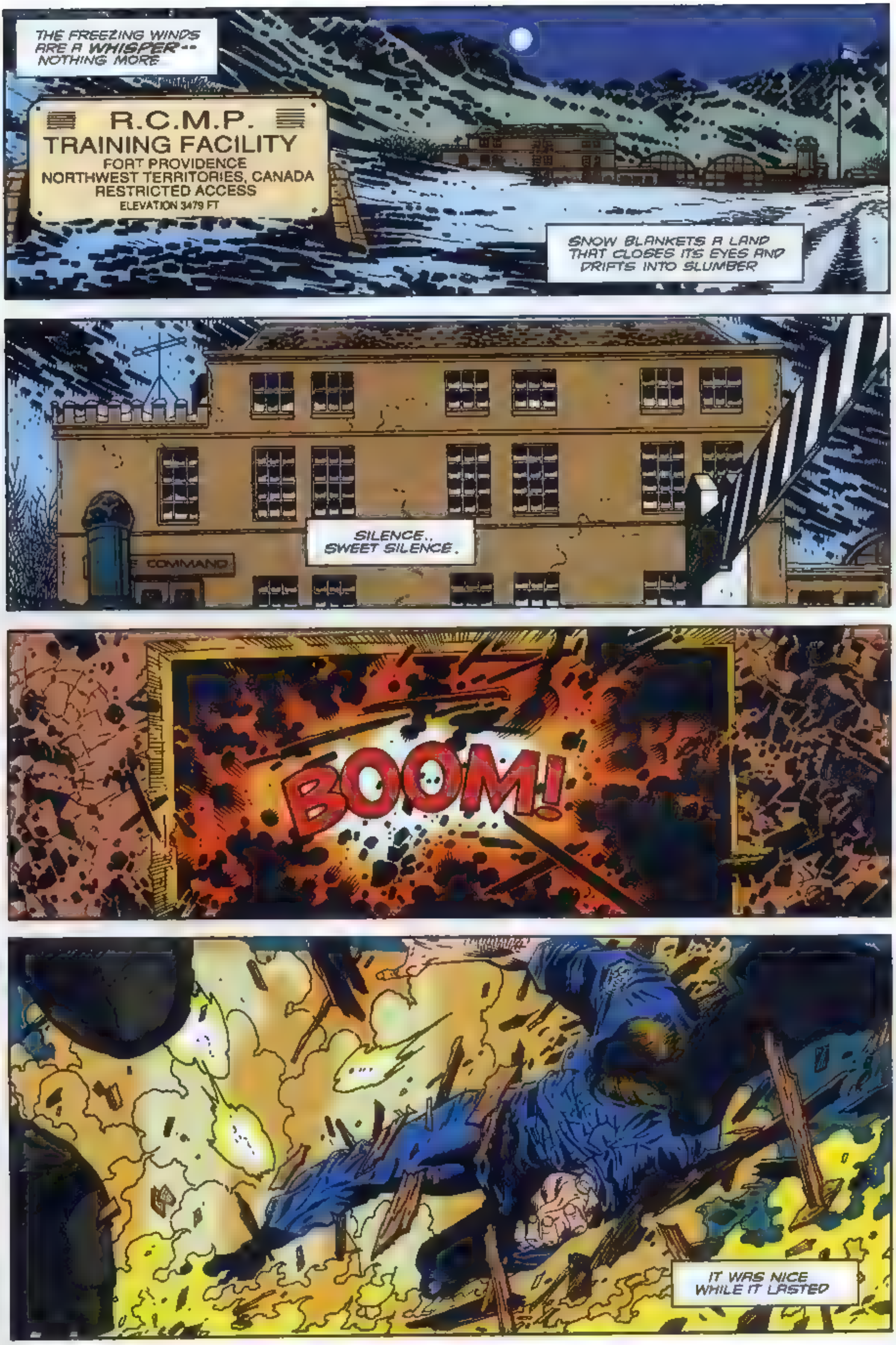
ALL IT BRINGS NOW IS ANOTHER WORKING DAY
SMOG, RUSH-HOUR GRIDLOCK, AND MINIMUM-WAGE CASH IN HAND... FOR LACK OF A SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.
ZABLO REALTY CO
October
S M T W T F
1 2 3 4 5
7 8 9 10 11 12
14 15 16 17 18 19
22 23 24 25 26
31
TENDING THE LAWNS OF THE WEALTHY... PRUNING THEIR PLANTS... TAKING THE SNEERS OF CONTEMPT THAT COME WITH THEIR MONEY
I HATE MYSELF FOR THINKING IT... THAT SOME OF THE HUMANITY I'VE SAVED AREN'T WORTH THE SAVING
IF ONLY I COULD CLOSE THE BOOK ON MY PAST. MAYBE I COULD MAKE A FRESH START... FIND A LIFE FOR MYSELF.
BUT THE BOOK REFUSES TO END... CHAPTERS LEFT UNWRITTEN...
ONE IS JOHN CONNOR. HIS BIRTH, FUTURE-HISTORY SAYS IT HAPPENS THIS FOURTH OF OCTOBER THREE MORE DAYS AND HE'LL BE BORN... MANKIND'S SAVIOR. THEN MAYBE I CAN PUT THAT ANXIETY TO REST.
AND THE OTHER THING... LEFT UNANSWERED AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED...

...IS DUDLEY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO DUDLEY?
AFTER DESTROYING C890.L, SLOANE AND I WENT BACK TO SEE HOW BADLY THE MECH HAD HURT DUDLEY... BUT HE'D ALREADY VANISHED.*
THAT WAS BEFORE LOCKHURST'S MEN ARRIVED WITH THEIR POMP AND PISTOLS, SO AT LEAST I KNOW THEY DIDN'T GET HIM
SO WHERE IS HE? WHERE DID DUDLEY GO?
WE WEREN'T LOVERS... WE WERE FRIENDS ONLY BY NECESSITY. BUT WE STOOD TOGETHER, FOUGHT TOGETHER, AND HE SAVED MY LIFE.*
* AS RECOUNTED IN PREVIOUS TERMINATOR SERIES
I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.
BEEN LEAVING MESSAGES IN THE HERALD TRIBUNE NEWSPAPER... AS AGREED, IF WE EVER BECAME SEPARATED. FOURTEEN MESSAGES SO FAR.
HE HASN'T REPLIED TO ANY OF THEM
OH, DUDLEY. WHY WON'T YOU MAKE CONTACT? THEN I COULD GET ON WITH LIVING.
COULD GET OUT OF L.A., AT LEAST.

THE CANADIAN TUNDRA.
...ITS DUSK IS BREATHTAKING...


...SO LONG AS YOU *BREATHE*, TO BEGIN WITH.


RE:
SLOANE
S PRESENTED TO CERTIFY
S COMPLETED THE REQUIR
NG PSYCHIATRIST, AS DEC
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, AN
ATES OF AMERICA AND IS
RACTICE THE MEDICINE O
WITHIN THE STATE AS A
IFIED DOCTOR OF
ENTED THIS D
12TH OF
I GET THROUGH THE DAY... JUST. GOT A CASE AT THE MOMENT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE: A KILLER... A MANIAC THAT I'VE GOTTA FIND BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GIVE IT...OR ANYTHING ...A HUNDRED PERCENT.
KNOWING THAT THE WORLD COULD END... THAT THE MACHINES COULD RISE UP, NO MATTER WHAT WE--I'VE DONE.
WELL, WHAT'S THE POINT? WHY BOTHER EVEN TRYING? LET CATFISH KILL ALL HE WANTS. MACHINES'LL BE DOING THE JOB FOR HIM IN A FEW YEARS, ANYWAY.
THIS SENSE OF... OF... WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU FEEL PRETTY HELPLESS
E:
SLOANE
DEPRESSED--NI
MACHINE FUTURE
"TERMINATORS"
ROBOT FICTION...
COVER FOR TRA
FEAR OF LOSIN
CATFISH
MARY
WHAT DID SL
I SUPPOSE..
WHATEVER... IT'S KILLING ME.
HEY... GOT A CIGARETTE?


THE FREEZING WINDS ARE A WHISPER-- NOTHING MORE
R.C.M.P. TRAINING FACILITY
FORT PROVIDENCE
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, CANADA
RESTRICTED ACCESS
ELEVATION 3479 FT
SNOW BLANKETS A LAND THAT CLOSES ITS EYES AND DRIFTS INTO SLUMBER
COMMAND
SILENCE.. SWEET SILENCE.
BOOM!
IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED

THE ARCTIC NIGHT...
...THIS NIGHT...
...SCREAMS WITH GUNSHOTS AND DYING MEN...

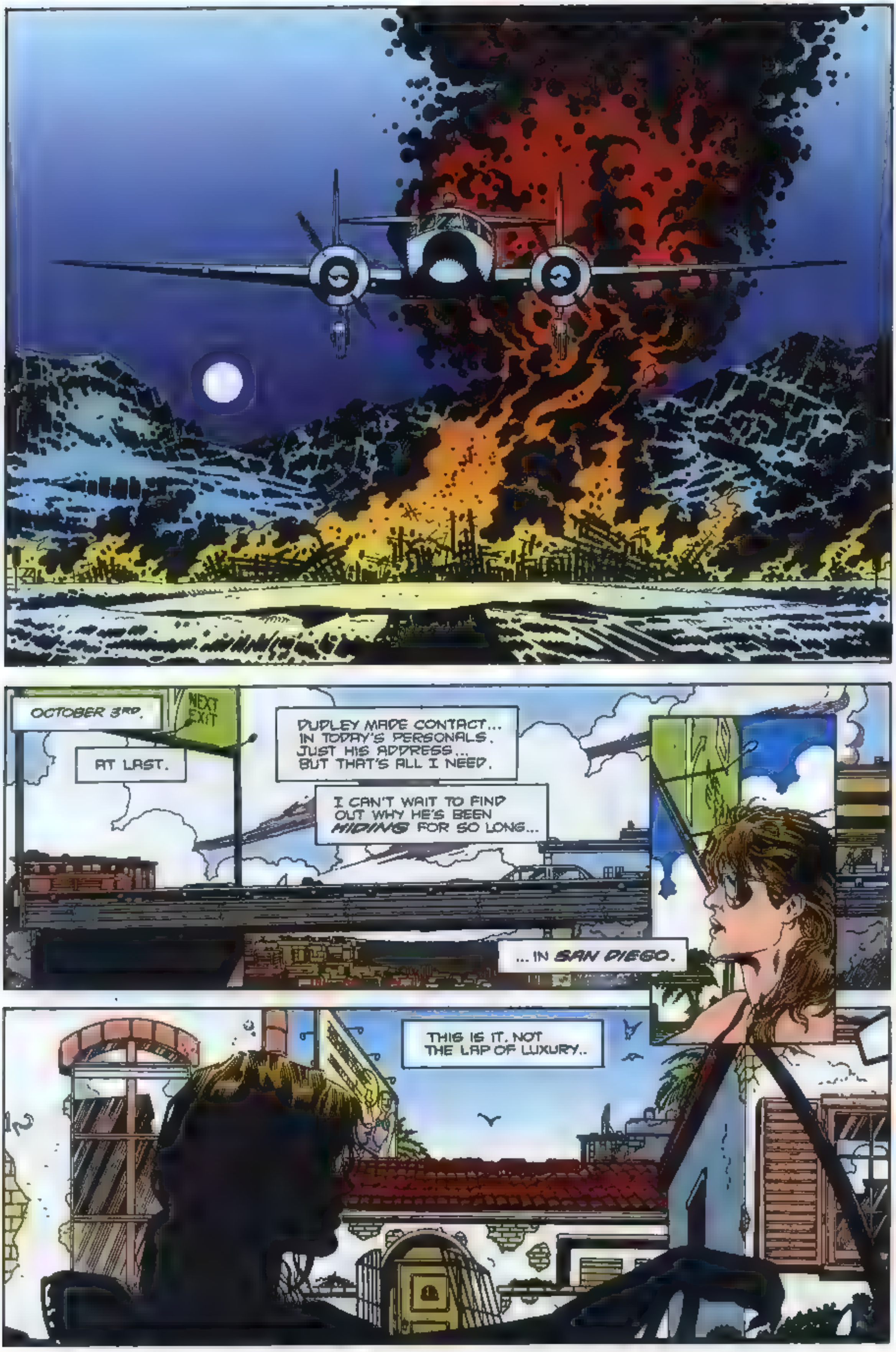
GLASS SHARDS...
... AND SHELL CASINGS...
...JOSTLE FOR SPACE...
...WITH BLOOD AND FLAMES.
AND THE MACHINE...

IMAGE ENHANCE
...THE MACHINE IS OBLIVIOUS.
ANYTHING ELSE...
...WOULD REQUIRE EMOTION.

AND NOW THE CHILL HAS GONE...
...WITH MEN TOO SCARED TO RECALL IT...
...OR THE SILENCE...
...OR HOW SOOTHING WAS THE SNOW..
...NOW STAINED RED BY BLOOD...

...AND CYBER-OPTICS.
TERMINATED
TERMINATED
TERMINATED

DANGER


OCTOBER 3RD.
NEXT EXIT
AT LAST.
DUDLEY MADE CONTACT... IN TODAY'S PERSONALS. JUST HIS ADDRESS... BUT THAT'S ALL I NEED.
I CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT WHY HE'S BEEN HIDING FOR SO LONG...
...IN SAN DIEGO.
THIS IS IT. NOT THE LAP OF LUXURY..

...BUT WHAT DID I EXPECT ?
DUDLEY. I'M HERE!
DUDLEY ?
DUDLEY. NEGATIVE

TO BE CONTINUED!

TERMINAL CASES

10956 SE MAIN STREET, MILWAUKIE, OREGON 97222

Bob Cooper, ye editor's trusty assistant since May of this year, recently sent out black-and-white preview copies of this first issue of *Terminator: Endgame* to a select few letter-hacks (as we so unceremoniously deem those of us in the industry who take the time and effort to write letters of comment to editors — and, yes, I have written many such letters in my time and continue to do so on occasion). While waiting for those letters to arrive, I thought I'd tie up a few loose ends . . . to wit, some of your leftover thoughts on a few of the previous *Terminators — Secondary Objectives, The Enemy Within*, and *Hunters and Killers*. In order to print as wide a variety of your comments as possible, I've admittedly butchered your letters, cobbling together what I think are the most interesting bits. Let's see if you agree . . .

Nick Barnes of Northville, Michigan, takes us to task for ignoring the calendar:

The Terminators are now trying to kill Sarah Connor and stop the birth of John. But seeing as how the story takes place in 1990 — John would be six years old already! According to *The Terminator* (movie #1), he was born in 1984! Besides that understandable error, this comic is perfect for me!

Nick also mentions that while he's not yet quite a teen-ager, he enjoys "the more grown-up comics because they are a bit more violent"! Watch out for that, Nick. It sounds a little quirky to me. In the meantime, you'll be glad to hear that we've amended the date back to 1984 with this last series. Sorry we didn't catch this major goof any sooner.

To continue a theme, Robert Knaus of Walpole, Massachusetts, says:

Terminator: Secondary Objectives #4 was nothing but senseless, nonstop, action-packed violence. I loved it!

Scary.

And in a similar vein, our "newest" fan (he says), Jonathan Morris of Phoenix, Arizona, writes:

The entire comic was violent. I LOVED IT!!!!!

Trust me when I tell you I'm not making any of this up.

Long-time letter writer Jacob Gilbert, of Troy, New York, was so wowed by *Secondary Objectives*, calling it an "A-plus effort," that he says picking the *Comics Buyer's Guide* award winners will be tough:

For those who want to overdose on violence, hopefully this issue settles the quota. Page after page of fighting, destruction, murder — anything a fanboy would want.

I don't know, folks, maybe it's in the testosterone. I *am* pleased to note, however, that *Secondary Objectives* received a whopping 11 votes in this year's *CBG* awards — not anywhere near the 334 for *Infinity Gauntlet* (whatever *that* is), but we'll settle for whatever we can get!

Finally, just to put an end to this question of violence, Jon Eggelton of Milton Keynes, in merrie olde England, was "disappointed," he says, in *Secondary Objectives*:

It was an enjoyable enough read; it simply didn't get me as excited or instill in me a sense of awe in the way, say, *Terminator: Tempest* did. Oh, the artwork and coloring were fine, but did we really need the huge display of bloodletting in issue #1?

Sorry we didn't tickle your fancy with this one, Jon, but thanks for the dissenting opinion on the issue of violence.

Since violence in today's entertainment media too often seems to go hand in hand with sex, that's the focus of our next round of commentary. For instance, Jofrey Carvajal of Parlin, New Jersey, writes:

It would be great to see a lady doing all of the termination in Dark Horse comic books. . . . We need more women coming from a guy's point of view in your comics.

I'm inclined to think exactly the opposite, Jofrey, but to each his (or her!) own.

Jeff Jones (obviously named after a famous comics artist turned painter) of Berkeley, California, shops at Comics & Comix — where ye

editor was gainfully employed (just barely) in the early '80s (sorting through all the collectibles in the store's back room, known in those days as Lady Di's House of Pain), and where my old buddy Carl Davidson still runs the joint. This is what Jeff has to say about Terminators and sex:

Your artists can also be erotic. For example, in the panels of a woman who is consoling her partially cybernetic companion (see *Terminator: The Enemy Within* #1, page 5), the artist's illustrations create a sensitive scene. Although thin fabric reveals more detail, the positions, postures, and angles have lent good viewing.

Good viewing, eh?

Robert Razavi of Montréal, Canada — my hometown, yay! — commends Paul Gulacy's art:

Paul's strength lies in his ability to convey a cinematic approach on paper. His pages look almost like film storyboards. He has a sense of "camera angles," dynamic anatomy, panel size, position and content, tension in characters' faces . . . and, my god, the glimpses of the breasts of Mary and the female Terminator! It was, um, surprising for a book that has a lady editor. I don't mind, of course . . .

Just in case you didn't notice, Robert, this lady editor balanced the act by bringing up the issue of sexism for discussion in the letters pages of that series. Some people didn't wanna hear about it, though . . .

Rodger Phillips of West Hartford, Connecticut, felt that political correctness in semantics can be taken to the extreme:

Is this your idea of a proper letter?

"Dear Sirs and/or Ma'ams,

I wish to congratulate you bipedal hominids on an excellent job! I almost fell into a peoplehole while reading it on the way home from the comic shop! God/Goddess, it's great! Yesterday I read it over and over until Late Night With David Letterpeople came on!"

Well, Diana, I'm sure you have some idea that you have to educate people in your "ways," but why don't you keep your politics out of the comics?!

You bring up an interesting question, Rodger, and that is: Should letters pages be used as a forum for discussion of (maybe subversive) ideas, or should we opt for innocuous pablum designed to offend no one? I'm afraid I've always been drawn to the former, not the latter. You'd better not read the *Grendel* lettercol — *Terminator's* is pretty tame compared to it!

Horace Pincar of Brunswick, Georgia, was even more vehement in his criticism:

I was right when I assumed that women can't do anything right. Take *The Terminator: Secondary Objectives* comic. Some of this comic was good, but not much. . . . If you can't draw a good comic, maybe you should go home and clean house. I'm sure even you couldn't f##k that up!

You know, Horace, I can't draw at all, and I *hate* cleaning house! (Um, has the Equal Rights Amendment been passed in Georgia?)

In a more reasoned letter, Steven Tice of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, notes that quibbling over semantics — in this case, the use of masculine terms to designate both sexes — is "pointless and unproductive" and ultimately blinds us to the "real issues." He goes on:

. . . attacking *generic* terms strikes me as a pointless endeavor. Every language has a multitude of biases against countless groups, and there's no way around that, short of creating an entirely new language. I believe the interests of women in reversing the societal subjugation of the past is better served not by quibbling about language, but by females such as yourself excelling at their chosen professions.

Steven, while I'm willing to grant that there may be more immediate concerns than not-so-simple semantics, my point was (and is) that language can serve *in very subtle ways* to subjugate members of a subordinate group. I don't think it's inappropriate to suggest that our language can and should be changed to accommodate new perspectives. For example, when the airlines began hiring male, uh, stewardesses, no one blinked at the term "flight attendant" suddenly becoming the standard.

Mike McDonald of Erie, Pennsylvania, in another thoughtful letter, says:

When you suggest that men are using the English language in order to keep women "in [their] place," I feel that you are being overly sensitive to the issue of equal opportunity in the sense of the sexes. Such suggestions tend to split the country into sections, and we all know that "a divided nation will not stand."

I think you missed the point, Mike. My claim isn't that men do this purposefully to subjugate women; in fact, I noted in that very lettercol that women are equally guilty of using male-based generics. Sexism has less to do with outright maliciousness, I believe, and more to do with the propagation of simply outmoded, unquestioned attitudes. But don't worry, Mike — of *course* you're still my friend. As the saying goes, some of my best friends are, uh, men!

Marty Themson, an expatriate Canadian now living in Sunrise, Florida, addresses discrimination of a different sort:

I wasn't surprised at Doug Lukes' letter in *Secondary Objectives* #4 — just a little dismayed. This kind of bigotry is ridiculous. I've encountered it many times down here, from people whom I've considered reasonably intelligent. They seem to be under the impression that all Canadians live in igloos, ride dog sleds, and carry snow shovels.

You mean we don't? Just kidding. Well, this is the harm that misinformed stereotyping incurs. I grew up in Canada and spent much of my teen life trying to *avoid* carrying that damn snow shovel! Just ask my dad.

Only a few letters on *The Terminator: Hunters and Killers* managed to filter my way, but they all seem to echo a similar theme. To

wit, Eric Smith of Fresno, California, writes:

It is June 7th as I write this. I'm eagerly waiting for *Terminator: Hunters and Killers* to hit the shelves. I find myself growing steadily impatient. On the back of *The Thing (from Another World)* #2, it says that it will be on sale in March. Now, three months later, it's nowhere to be found. *What happened?!* I'm telling myself that there is a reasonable explanation — creative differences, not enough time to complete it, or, God forbid, the MPAA has started to edit comics!

As you know by now, Eric, *Hunters and Killers* #1 shipped to stores just about the time you were penning your letter. There are numerous reasons for a book not to meet its projected ship date, but the MPAA doesn't have anything to do with any of 'em!

Robert Knaus, still of Walpole, Massachusetts, had this to say:

I'd just like to ask why this comic was two months late. Just when Dark Horse's comics line finally starts arriving on schedule, this happens.

This comic *wasn't* two months late. We just underestimated the time it would take us to produce it! (Or is that the same thing?!) Anyway, to tell you the truth, I'm not sure exactly why the book was late. It happens sometimes.

And for a novel twist on the lateness question, here's Miguel Corti, of New Egypt, New Jersey:

Terminator: Hunters and Killers was the greatest comic ever. Let me count the ways.

1. It was delayed. I was not going to have enough money for it when it was originally scheduled to come out. Now, as a result of the delay, I have the money for it and can enjoy your wonderful storytelling.

2. The awesome fully painted cover. This cover is so realistic that it struck fear into my little human heart. You'd better have this artist **[John Taylor Dismukes, to give credit where credit is due]** do all the covers on all the *Terminator* series from now on.

3. As much as I am for continuity between the *Terminator* series, I felt that this issue was a refreshing change. I have always wanted a Terminator story that takes place in the future, and you people have answered my prayers. I've always wondered how the freedom fighters lived in a war-ravaged world. Thanks for giving me a whole view of it instead of a mere glimpse.

Miguel goes on to rave about Bill Jaaska's pencil artwork, the fantastic story, and the fact that "the Spetsnaz are so cool." Thanks for writing; we're glad that our release dates are getting in sync with your allowance!

Mike Hagen of Santa Rosa, California, also had something to say about the continuity aspect of our miniseries:

A miniseries is designed to be read independently from a main comic and should be able to stand on its own. I have read a number of miniseries over the years — and even own a few — so I know this to be true. *Terminator: Secondary Objectives* does not do this. It is apparently a continuation of a basic idea that was previously established. It is not a single entity; it is nothing more than a chapter from a book. . . . I have no idea what or where the other chapters are. By labeling the comic as a four-issue limited series, you are implying that this is all that needs to be read — which is not the case. What you have done is little more than false advertising. . . . You cannot take part of a story and print it as a supposed independent entity. If you're going to print sets of miniseries that all build on one another, label and print them for what they really are: *one* story.

Fair enough, Mike, though I believe the charge of "false advertising" is a bit extreme. I don't think there's any rule book specifying that each miniseries featuring recurring characters must be entirely unrelated plot-wise. Many readers actually have taken us to task for *not* maintaining strict continuity between our miniseries; others, like yourself, would prefer that these series be independent entities. In the many "miniseries" making up *Grendel*, for example, each story arc within the overall series can be read independently of what comes before and of what follows, but there is still some effort expended to retain a certain level of continuity. You are, however, absolutely correct when you state that you should be able to come in cold to any miniseries. It's absolutely my fault that you weren't able to do so with *Secondary Objectives*. While Dark Horse made a decision to continue the story arc begun in *Tempest* through *Secondary Objectives* and *The Enemy Within* — not to mention *Endgame*, for that matter — I should have thought to provide new readers with a synopsis of what came before. Because you took the time to write and voice your opinions, Mike, I have made sure to do so this time around, and the synopsis can be found on the inside front cover of this very issue — one of the very first assignments given to Bob Cooper when he came on board a few months ago.

And to close today's discussion, Jacob Gilbert, who, between letters, did not move from Troy, New York, says:

I have read where *RoboCop vs. The Terminator*, *Hunters and Killers*, and the next miniseries, *Endgame*, will end Dark Horse's *Terminator* series. A sad shame, as all good things must end, but is this because the contract has expired, or have you run out of story ideas? (After *Hunters and Killers*, how can *Endgame* be any better?)

Just watch! Seriously, Dark Horse is bubbling over with ideas, but the simple fact is just as you've guessed, Jacob: our contract has expired. Now, I'm obviously biased, but I think we're going out with a bang. Let me know if you agree.

See you all next issue as Mary and Dudley do the Terminator tango — and I'm not talking about any slow dance!

— Diana Schutz